NEBRASKA

In "Lives of the 'Lustrious," a blographical dictionary just issued in England, it is said that when Hall Caine, whose resemblance to Shakespeare is well known, landed in New York on a trip to America, he was accosted by the late Ignatius Donnelly, a stranger to him, with the words, "Lord Bacon, I presume."

Some of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's friends once tried to have Lord Salisbury reinstate his erratic Seutenant. Salisbury listened to them patiently, and then asked: "Have any you ever had a carbuncle on the back of your neck?" "No," was the seply. "Well, I have," retorted his Bordship, "and I don't want another."

The Hon. James Bryce, M. P., in an article on William E. Gladstone, redates this anecdote: "Once in his later life when a question of great delicacy and difficulty was coming on in the Mouse of Commons, and everybody expected to see him watchful and alert perhaps fidgety over it, he de-liberately composed himself to sleep en the treasury bench, and enjoyed a refreshing nap till the time came for him to speak, when, with no apparent peffort, he awoke, delivered a speech in which he said exactly what was needed, and not a word more, and sat down, leaving his opponents so puzzled by the safe and guarded generalities m which he had half-expressed and half-reserved his views that the subsect dropped in a short time, because no one could find in his words anything to lay hold of. It was often remarked that the greater the emergenthe more composed and the more completely equal to it did he seem." Very amusing is the story of the lat-

est Parisian duel. Two rivals boxed each other's ears, and a mutual chalsenge to mortal combat followed. Accompanied by seconds and doctors, the foes, thirsting for each other's blood, drove out to the Bois early one very chilly morning. The spot was chosen coals were doffed, swords measured, the referee said: "Go, gentlemen," and the fight began. But it soon dawned upon the seconds that the combatants were less determined with cold steel than they had been quick in gesture with the open hand. Both gallants exhibited an extraordinary circumspection in their play, and, after twenty-four resumptions of the batetle, neither had received a scratch. It was already past 1 in the afternoon, the seconds were shivering, the doctors telt they were catching their death of cold, and there was no prospect of wither combatant ever hitting the other. Suddenly one of the keepers of the Bois emerged from behind a tree, and exclaimed, crossly: "Look here, zentlemen, I have had enough of this. Here I have been for three hours looking at you two, and you are no further on with your fight than you were when you began. Now, dueling is illegal in this country. I don't mind winking at a duel for a reasonable time, but I can't go on allowing the law to be broken for three hours." Whereat foils were put up, and the great combat was stopped, to the intense relief of every one, particularly the combat-

Biggest Bag at One Shot.

The biggest authenticated bag secured at one shot, of which I have ever heard, consisted of one rabbit (the cause of the shot), one beater, one onlooker (a French cook), a boy, and a dog. I once shot nine snipe at a shotbut this was in South Africa. They were on the ground, and they were shot for the pot. I have read of a sportsman (not Baron Munchausen) who shot a bumblebee and a butterfly, right and left; and, indeed, sometimes a large bumblebee does, for an instantaneous second, look uncommonly like a distant advancing grouse-just as, when on the alert for partridges, the fieldfares, breasting the hedge, often cause a nervous twitch of the gum.

Curious circumstances sometimes occur out shooting. A friend walking in line down a turnip field saw a startled hare running fast and straight toward him up a furrow. He stood still, waiting for her to turn, but the hare, with Its peculiar vision, did not see him. and ran her head plump against his shin, killing herself and very seriously bruising his leg.-London Fortnightly Review.

Scotch, Irish and Welsh Music. The battle music of Scotland, and still more markedly of Ireland, has a been contended by many authorities, was originally caused by the necessity, at some important point in the air, of making the words ring out above the bagpipes' very self-asserting accompaniment. Welsh music holds a place not lower than that of the music of Scotland and Ireland and has a tone and touch which are not borrowed from the notes of other songs .- Exchange.

Mrs. Sangster's Advice.

"I am engaged to be married. Ought I to tell my fiance, who does not suspect it, that I have been engaged before this, and that the engagement was broken by mutual consent?"

Certainly, you should tell your fiance. Do not begin wedded life with a secret. -Ladies' Home Journal.

Lightning.

It is believed that lightning is visible at a distance of 150 miles, but opinions still differ as to how far thunder can be heard.

IS CHRIST ALIVE?



Reason and faith through all the bitter night did strive; Reason was icy cold,

I felt the chill; Reason was loud and bold, And swayed my will-Faith lost her gentle hold The Easter bells rang wild and free "Is

Across the waste I heard them ring their My heart was heavy with its grief.

My prayers had brought me no relief— I lifted up my voice and answered with a

At once the bells died down, and I was The sudden chill of mighty fears-And then there rolled from some vast realm

beyond the day--Artemas Jean Haynes, in Chicago Record-



The grass is soft and dry. The bluebird sings his carol

So bring the dainty treasures, The eggs of every hue The Easter hare hid slyly On Easter night for you See, purple eggs and golden

And red as sunset skies; Now don't you think he stole them From birds of paradise? Then start them on their journey; How gaily down they roll.

As if a troop of flowers Had started on a stroll The birds laugh in the tree-top, The brooks laugh from the hill, And all the little people Are laughing louder still.

AN EASTER

RECONCILIATION.

It was one of Mark Staunton's black days, in which nothing had any beauty to his eyes, nor enjoyment for his mind, He certainly was somewhat ungrateful to insist upon being so persistently miserable, for he had enjoyed as reasonable a share of blessings as any one man has

a right to expect. He was only 30 now, prominent in his profession, had held several political offices of honor, and had lately come in possession of a comfortable fortune, which, added to the competency he had amassed in his profession, made him a rich man.

Once Mark had been in love-yes, really in love; and, long ago as it was, recollections of that time would yet come up, and often brought him considerable bit-

It was when he was first setting out as a poor young lawyer.

But only two years after that pleasant passage in their lives, which ended in the disquiet and trouble such things often all those years their paths had never do?"

It was very long since Mark had believed himself in love with her; but there were times, in looking over his somewhat to me," said Mark, in a stately way; "one solitary life, it occurred to him how dif- female is about the same as another." ferent it might have been had that affrom his reverie, and woke him to the consciousness that while he was dreamto reach the train.

He was going into the country to pass a week or two with a far-off cousin, giving him the cousinly kiss with which | Easter Bobs. The ceremony annually atwhose pleasant house and merry-hearted he was accustomed to be greeted. rapidly than anything else.

It was growing near sunset when little exaggerated for the occasion, was to end his little journey.

got off at Briarton.

he came out, he passed by a carriage in steady for a moment.

ine Anson. It was only an instant, and the carriage had driven on; he was unable to tell astonished to remember that he had not whether she recognized him or not. That taken a fair look at his eld acquaintance | the "t" is taken away what is left?" was the first time they had met in ten during the whole evening. rears.

She was very much altered, he thought -thin, and he believed somewhat sallow. She was in half-mourning, too-that was for her husband-he wondered how deeply she had grieved over him. In his misanthropical mood he said to himself that she had not heart enough to be inconsolable about anything.

Mark's recollection of that past was not altogether pleasantly mournful. He had never felt that Katharine had been quite fair and honest with him. Well, it was over long enough ago,

that was certain; he was a fool to be troubling his head with those old memories! But he must wonder if she saw him, and if so, whether that meeting had any effect at all upon her.

He passed through the woods and came out into his cousin's grounds. "Hello, old fellow!" some one called out, and, looking up, he saw Tom Ford

running down the veranda steps to meet There was a hearty exchange of greet-

ings, for the two had always been the best of friends in the world, and a week in Tom's cheerful society never failed to send Mark back to his bustling life, elevated in spirits, and with pleasanter views of things in general.

He led the way up to the room Mark had always occupied—a pleasant chamber that Ellen had fitted up with an eye to their cousin's peculiar fancies.

"Here we are," said Tom. "Now you can beautify yourself as much as you please; there's the trunk you sent up by express-I hope it's got your most dandified clothes in it."

"Why, have you visitors?" asked Mark. "I thought I should be sure to find you

"The truth is," said Tom, sitting down in an easy chair, and looking intently at the toe of his boot, "it's an old friend of yours, and Elien and I were afraid the thing would be awkward; but there was no help for it. Katherine Warner is here, Mark," he added abruptly; blurting out the secret he had meant to communicate with such care as a man is sure to do when he tries to be extra delicate.

"We didn't expect her any more than -than the man in the moon," said Tom, falling back on that familiar comparison in the world. He was only 21, starting for want of a better. "She has only just got here from Europe. She was Ellen's greatest friend, you know, and only a few hours ago we got a telegram from gether for the purpose. The first comher, saying she should be here to-night. ers placed themselves hand in hand, do, Katharine Anson had married and in It was awkward. But what could we

Honest Tom grew quite red in the face with the energy of his explanations. "It is a matter of perfect indifference

The tea bell rang before they had reing, his dressing case sat ready packed membered to go down; then they hurried on the table, and he had only just time off at a great rate, and dashed down into the hall, where they met Ellen.

husband usually succeeded in driving. She led him into the library, chatting the boys march "in fours" through the away one of Mark's dissatisfied fits more carelessly, and in the childish manner streets of the city to the Mansion House, which was partly natural to her and

they approached the station where Mark | Mark was in the room. There stood | file before the lord mayor, who, from Tom, talking to a lady. He knew he sundry piles of new money on the table With a fearful shricking the train walked toward her-heard Ellen say, "I before him, presents each Grecian with made another halt, and Mark, in his leis- need not introduce you to my friend, a sovereign, and all the other boys, acurely way, followed the little crowd that Mrs. Warner"-was conscious that ne cording to their standing, with coins of shook hands with her, and said all that lesser value. Before they retire, the He stopped in the waiting room to was proper on the occasion; but-it must boys have a glass of lemonade. At one speak with an acquaintance, and when be owned-the room looked a little un- time the alternative of sherry was per-

which a lady was sitting-her veil was However, he betrayed very little emo- however, has been abolished. up, and, after the first moment of puz- tion outwardly; and Mrs. Warner appearzled recollection, Mark recognized Katha- ed so perfectly self-possessed that it

quieted him at once. When Mark got into his room he was

The next morning, even looking with washed .- Philadelphia Press.

his jaundiced eyes, Mark was forced to acknowledge that, if those ten years had taken away something of the girlish look from her face, she was much handsomer than she ever had been-with her dazzling complexion, her beautiful brown eyes, and the rare smile, which, when she talked, lit up the sad expression of

Katharine comported herself admirably. She talked freely with Mark-sang Tom's favorite songs-was easy and unembarrassed; and for her pains, Mark, in his heart, denounced her as the most soulless creature that ever breathed.

"She never could have loved him," said

Tom, one night, when he and his wife were holding a confidential talk in their room. "I fancy she was a bit of a flirt." "Nobody was ever farther from it." returned Ellen, indignantly. "It's my opinion that Mark was as unjust as possible. You know how passionate he used to be, and Katherine was always the

proudest creature that ever breathed?"

Ellen was right there. Katharine was sitting alone in the parlor one evening, amusing herself at the piano, playing old melodies, and recalling half-forgotten songs.

Ellen had gone out to visit a sick neighbor, and Mark she had seen wandering off toward the village, an hour before, so that she was left quite to herself.

But just then Mark was coming up the walk, and the tones of that low, sweet voice reached him through the stillness of the evening, and the song struck his heart like the echo of some half-forgot ten language. It was an old, old melody she had often sung for him.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said entering quietly.

"You came in so suddenly that I almost thought it was your wraith," she said 'I had just finished my song-a swee old melody that my mother used to love." He was vexed that she should speak so composedly of a thing that had stirred his heart like a wind from the past.

"Will you sing me one of those Scotch songs I heard you singing to Ellen the other night?" Mark asked.

She sang him several songs, and then they fell into more familiar conversation than they had before done during all these days. It was a full hour before Ellen came

in, and there she found them, with the new moon looking in at the window and casting its light upon Katharine's face, and softening it.

Inwardly Madam Ellen thought a great step had been gained; but she was innocent as a dove.

The next day Ellen arranged it so that Mark was obliged to go out riding with Katharine; and, as she saw them depart, stood on the veranda and nodded her head in sign of approval.

The following day was Easter; and Katharine resumed her old place in the choir, the place which she had filled when she was Ellen's chum and schoolmate in the long ago.

How fair and sweet she looked as she stood in the organ loft singing; and how the beautiful words of the Easter carols fell from her lips. "She must be happy," thought Mark,

"to sing like that." "He is risen. He is risen," sounded sweetly upon the air and the audience sat spellbound while the sweet singer's offer-

tory filled the church The next morning Mark surprised his cousin by announcing that he had decided to go to Europe.

"Don't go-yet," whispered his cousin But Katharine gave no sign of disap-

Mark's departure was to be as sudden as his resolve; and that very afternoon he stood in the broad hallway with his satchel in hand, his baggage strapped for the

Mark and Katharine found themselves He had taken her hand-they both

ried to speak-then she was conscious that he dropped it and turned away. She stood there incapable of a movement-she knew that he was looking tury. Full directions and formula sent upon receipt back at her from the doorway, and sud- of 20c in stamps or silver. Gem Mfg. Co., 905 Leonard denly Ellen cried out in a voice full of Ave., No. St. Louis Mo.

"If you are human, Katharine, don't let him go so! Can't you see he loves

At those words her false strength gave way-she heard his voice full of passion-

ate tenderness calling: "Katharine! Katharine!" She could not speak-she put out her

read more clearly in her heart than he had done even in the old time. "Katharine-my Katharine!" There was no time for many words: piness enough to live upon their memory

for life. Ancient Easter Customs.

A custom called "clipping the church" was kept up in Warwickshire, England, on Easter Monday, until the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was pjerformed by the children of the different charity schools, who at a certain hour flocked towith their backs against the church, and were joined by their companions, who gradually increased in number, till at last the chain was of sufficient length to surround the sacred edifice. As soon as the hand of the last of the train had grasped that of the first, the party broke "That's the way to look at it!" cried | up, and walked in procession to the other way of trying the voice by sending it fair terminated as it ought to have done. Tom, quite delighted. "I was afraid church (for in those days Birmingham suddenly up great heights. This, it has The striking of the clock roused him you might be annoyed; and so was El- boasted of but two churches), where the

ceremony was repeated. An ancient custom still observed by the boys of Christ hospital, London, on Easter Tuesday, is that of paying a visit to the Mansion House to receive from "I am so glad to see you," she said, the lord mayor what are known as the tracts a good deal of public attention, as where they are forthwith regaled with two buns apiece. Thus fortified, they mitted. This form of "local option,"

> She Knew. Teacher-Spell "tray." Elsie-T-r-a-y.

Teacher-Correct. Now then, when Elsle-A lot of dishes an' things to be



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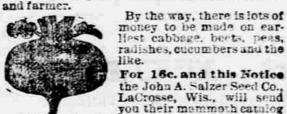
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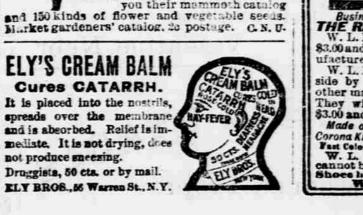
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